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JULLIEN.

Jullien has been appointed one of the judges in the distribution of prizes for the Great Exhibition at New York.

MR. WASHINGTON AND MR. THACKERAY.

AN unfortunate sentence in the first number of Mr. Thackeray's new book "The Newcombes" appears to have excited the indignation of Brother Jonathan, to a greater extent even than Jullien's refusal to perform the Ode in Commemoration of the Battle of Bunker's Hill, at New York. The Yankee pressmen, to a man, pounced upon the celebrated novelist, and worried him. The *Times*, correspondent in America, in a recent letter to "The Thunderer," alludes to the matter as follows:—

(From the *Times*, Nov. 22.)

Severe strictures have been passed upon Mr. Thackeray for saying, in speaking of a certain event that occurred, "When Mr. Washington was heading the American rebels with a courage, it must be confessed, worthy of a better cause." It was hoped that a man of so much perception and sagacity as Mr. Thackeray has had credit for, would have avoided any of those offensive flings which have too often appeared in the works of foreign writers when speaking of the United States. That single passage lost Mr. Thackeray a great many friends in America, and they were friends who admired his genius, but who love their country a great deal better than him, or any other writer. Nor is it supposed that such expressions fall gratefully upon the ears of intelligent Englishmen. These things may seem very trivial to an author who writes voluminously; but no Englishman who is looking for lasting fame among the Anglo-Saxon race, should forget that already the majority of his readers are found on this side of the Atlantic; and writers who have their eye fixed upon the future, should, above all others, remember that in a humane and an enlightened age like this, any disrespectful or malignant word dropped against an entire nation will "return to plague its inventor."

Next day a letter appeared in the columns of the same paper, from Mr. Thackeray in explanation, which we reproduce.

(From the *Times*, Nov. 23.)

"MR. WASHINGTON."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE *TIMES*.

Sir,—Allow me a word of explanation in answer to a strange charge which has been brought against me in the United States, and which your New York correspondent has made public in this country.

In the first number of a periodical story which I am now publishing, appears a sentence in which I should have never thought of finding any harm, until it had been discovered by some critics over the water. The fatal words are these:—

"When pigtailed grew on the backs of the British gentry, and their wives wore cushions on their heads, over which they tied their own hair, and disguised it with powder and pomatum; when Ministers went in their stars and orders to the House of Commons, and the orators of the Opposition attacked nightly the noble lord

in the blue riband; when Mr. Washington was heading the American rebels with a courage, it must be confessed, worthy of a better cause,—there came to London, out of a northern country, Mr." &c.

This paragraph has been interpreted in America as an insult to Washington and the whole Union; and, from the sadness and gravity with which your correspondent quotes certain of my words, it is evident he, too, thinks they have an insolent and malicious meaning.

Having published the American critic's comment, permit the author of a faulty sentence to say what he did mean, and to add the obvious moral of the apologue which has been so oddly construed. I am speaking of a young apprentice coming up to London between the years 1770-80, and want to depict a few figures of the last century. (The illustrated head-letter of the chapter was intended to represent Hogarth's industrious apprentice). I fancy the old society, with its hoops and powder—Barré or Fox thundering at Lord North asleep on the Treasury-bench—the news-readers at the coffee-room talking over the paper, and owning that this Mr. Washington, who was leading the rebels, was a very courageous soldier, and worthy of a better cause than fighting against King George. The images are at least natural, and pretty consecutive. 1766—the people in London in '76—the Lords and House of Commons in '76—Lord North—Washington—what the people thought about Washington, I am thinking about '76. Where, in the name of common sense, is the insult to 1853? The satire, if satire there be, applies to us at home, who called Washington "Mr. Washington," as we called Frederick the Great "the Protestant Hero," or Napoleon "the Corsican tyrant" or "General Bonaparte." Need I say that our officers were instructed (until they were taught better manners) to call Washington "Mr. Washington?" and that the Americans were called rebels during the whole of that contest? Rebels!—of course they were rebels; and I should like to know what native American would not have been a rebel in that cause?

As irony is dangerous, and has hurt the feelings of kind friends whom I would not wish to offend, let me say, in perfect faith and gravity, that I think the cause for which Washington fought entirely just and right, and the champion the very noblest, purest, bravest, best of God's men.

I am, Sir, your very faithful servant,
Athenæum, Nov. 22. W. M. THACKERAY.

Mr. Thackeray's letter is manly, straightforward, and convincing. If Jonathan be not satisfied, he must be hard to satisfy; if not pleased, he must be hard to please—for surely a greater compliment from a brilliant pen was never made to a great nation in the person of its demigod, or hero. Nevertheless, we are of opinion that Job was a still better man than Washington. Having confessed which, we hereby advertise our intention not to give lectures in the United States; but to go there as simple travellers, and write a book about the Yankees,—which, if they abuse, we shall feel much obliged to them, since, like John Kemble, we would rather be ill-spoken of, than not spoken of.

P.S.—Were we not perfectly aware that Mr. Thackeray is above such things, we should openly arraign him for con-

certing, with the Transatlantic Press, a new kind of advertisement in favour of his book. But we are perfectly aware that Mr. Thackeray is above such things.

Vive la Republique! In case the Russians come to London we rely on Brother Jonathan for aid. He has often said that he won't allow any one but himself to bully old England—and he won't. But we are getting political. Here then, is the place to quote from Bunn's new book, *Old England and New England*, of which we are preparing an elaborate review:—

"We cannot, however," says Alfred, "withhold an anecdote told us respecting this one-sided view of things." The "one-sided view of things" means a view of a column on Bunker's Hill, and a view of no column on White Plains; since what was did on the Hill was undid on the Plain, or vice-versa (consult history—we forget which battle was fought first. Perhaps Albert Smith will state it in *Mont Blanc*.) We cannot, however, as Bunn says, withhold the anecdote. Here it is:—

"We cannot, however, withhold an anecdote told us respecting this one-sided view of things. An American, with a sufficient quantity of national pride, without any great quantity of politeness, in pointing out this monument, said, 'That is to commemorate our licking you Britishers;' and when the Englishman rejoined, 'Well, and what about White Plains?' the Yankee replied, 'Oh! that was a battle in which we took no kind of interest!' *Anglice*, because that is one of the places where the British licked them."

We could not withhold this one-sided anecdote.

The following anecdote from Bunn's book has less to do with the subject; but we quote it, since, having many sides, it may be styled a polyhedric anecdote, requiring Argus to see all sides of it, and Briareus, of the hundred thumbs, to put his thumbs upon the point of it. We cannot withhold this many-sided anecdote. Here it is:—

"CROSS EXAMINATION!"

LAWYER.—Will you, on your solemn oath, swear that this is not your handwriting?

DELINQUENT.—I reckon not.

LAWYER.—Does it resemble your handwriting?

DELINQUENT.—Yes, I think it don't.

LAWYER.—Will you swear it don't resemble your writing?

DELINQUENT.—Well, I do, old head.

LAWYER.—Then you take your solemn oath that this writing does not resemble yours, in a single letter?

DELINQUENT.—I guess I do.

LAWYER.—Now, Sir, how do you know?

DELINQUENT.—'Cause I can't write!"

An anecdote of Colt, however, is more to the present purpose. We cannot withhold this anecdote of Colt, which, being neither one-sided nor polyhedric, but of Colt, if it do not revolve upon its axis, may be styled a "revolver." We cannot withhold this anecdote. Here it is—"a national compliment:"—

"A NATIONAL COMPLIMENT."

"We mentioned to Gentry our acquaintance with Colonel Colt, and a salutation with which the great "revolver" favoured us at the first dinner-table we met him. As soon as the ladies had left the room, the Colonel crossed over to a vacant chair at our side and said: 'Stranger, you seem to me a man I should like to know

more of, and I'll therefore tell you something I would not tell to every one. I've been over every part of Europe, and you're as much superior to all other countries, as we are superior to you!' Gentry merely observed: 'Well, I guess Colt's right!'"

Argus could see through this with one eye, supposing the other ninety-nine to have been poked out with a burnt stick. We could not withhold it. Briareus, with one index, supposing the other ninety-nine to have been chopped off, could put his finger on the point of it. It is not a one-sided anecdote, but a one-pointed. It is as good, to speak within bounds, as the anecdote, in Thursday's *Times*, of Luther Severance, the United States Commissioner, who, though Severance by name, insists upon annexation—the annexation of some Sandwiches to the Great American Pudding!

We have alluded to the indices of Briareus, and also to his thumbs. The "index" is what French piano-players call the second finger, English piano-players, the first—which leaves the question open, whether the thumb be a finger. A question which, perhaps, our Yankee contemporary, the *New York Musical World and Times* (no relation of ours, even by descent), will oblige us and his reader, with the assistance of Miss Fern, by putting his finger upon, or his thumb, for our instruction and his readers'.

This brings us back, by a revolution on our own axis, to the one-sided anecdote of "Jullien and Bunker's Hill"—not that of "Bunn and White Plains," although that is equally one-sided; and, as it was indispensable that we should be brought back to the point whence we started—not "Jullien and Bunker's Hill," nor "Bunn and White Plains," but "Mr. Washington and Mr. Thackeray"—we could not withhold this revolving anecdote of "Colt," which, by revolution on our axis, has brought us back to the point whence we started.

Vive la Republique!

And now to speak of matters more especially musical! Why should the harmony of our sphere—why should its melody—why, we may add, being a musical paper, its counterpoint be continually disturbed, and made discordant by petty bickerings and most miserable "tu-quoques," between individuals, forming insignificant fractions of two mighty empires, lying on various parts of its surface, inclined to be magniloquent and testy on that most threadbare, hacknied, egotistical, and vulgar cry of nationality? Why cannot a man write a history, in which it may be stated that the Yankees did not gain every battle on land and sea they ever waged—or a novel, in which, by wholesome and well-tempered satire, they may be reminded that they have, in common with other nations, vices as well as virtues—or a sermon, in which it may be insinuated, without offence, that they are human—or a book, in short, in which it may be confidently stated that there are such animals as geese and donkeys throughout the length, width, transverse, and circumference of the States, without raising a shout of remonstrance as noisy, empty, and unmeaning as any hulla-baloos ever set up, shillelagh in hand, under the combined influence of the "liberator" and the "cratur," by poor stupid old Paddy on the other side of St. George's? We do Paddy,

however, injustice; for, in sober truth, the Yankee national cry out-Paddies him, and puts his wildest howl to shame!

Vive la Republique!

We could not, under the circumstances, withhold these anecdotes.

WEDNESDAY EVENING CONCERTS.

THE fourth concert, on the 9th inst., began with a selection from Mozart's *Idomeneo*, consisting of the overture, a march, and several vocal pieces. This opera must be interesting to all musicians, since it was the work which first stamped Mozart as the greatest composer of his time. But the selection at the Wednesday Concerts was not calculated to give any notion of its pretensions to the audience, and the affair must be dismissed as a mere parade of an illustrious name, with the view of giving importance to the programme. Misses Birch and Messent, Mdme. Benson, and Herr Kumpel were the singers, to whom were respectively consigned the *soprano* airs, "Se il padre," and "Zeffiretti lusinghieri," the tenor song, "Vedrommi in torno," the trio, "Pria di partir," and the quartet, "Andro ramingo," all of which were more or less well sung; especially by the ladies. The overture and march were extremely well played by the band. Nevertheless, it was a farce to trumpet this abroad as a selection from *Idomeneo*. Where was the chorus? Echo—"Where?"

The great piece of the evening was Beethoven's pianoforte concerto in E flat, which Herr Pauer executed with a precision and uniform correctness not easy to surpass. The rest was in the music.

"Art's deathless dreams lay veiled by many a vein
Of Parian stone.—"

(SHELLEY.)

The audience were delighted with the concerto in spite of its length, applauded Herr Pauer liberally, and recalled him at the conclusion. The compliment was entirely merited by that careful, zealous, and laborious artist. Herr Pauer played from the book, and spoke, as it were, "by the card"—so that "equivocation" could not "undo" him. His success was decided. Miss Dolby then sang her old favourite, Rossi's "Ah rendimi quel core," as well as ever, nay, better than ever. This air was composed in "1686." We wonder whether any more of the same sort were composed in that year. The first part of the concert terminated with a dashing performance of the overture to *Euryanthe*, in which Weber is "all himself." Mr. Benedict conducted with his usual talent, which was advantageously exhibited in the orchestral accompaniments to the concerto.

Of the second part we have little to say. The two overtures with which it opened and shut *Masaniello* and *Don Quixote* (Macfarren)—were well chosen. A violin "concerto," performed by Herr Ries, and composed by his father, although clever, was not the less dull on account of its prolixity. Miss Fanny Ternan, in the *cavatina* from *Linda di Chamouni*, was again successful, again applauded, and justified the expectations of her friends, and the encouragements of the critics. Mdle.

and Signor F. Lablache completely won the favour of the audience in a couple of songs and a duet; while the usual miscellany, consisting of a long string of ballads and such matters, was contributed by Misses Birch, Dolby, Lascelles, and Messent, Messrs. Benson, and Suchet Champion, Signor Cimino and Master de Sola. The hall was well attended.

Last Wednesday a fog invaded the metropolis, and filled dwelling-houses no less than streets and squares. The public monuments, therefore, had no right to be exempt from the occupation of the atmospheric army of smoke—as smoky as the hundred thousand Russians on the Danube—and the fog took up its quarters in that exquisite structure, which, under the name of Exeter Hall, displays its front, with effrontery, among the architectural glories of the Strand; rivalling in massive grandeur the Cigar Divan over the way, though yielding to that ambitious edifice in the general cheerfulness of its aspect. It is not easy at any time to find the way into Exeter Hall, and now it was uneasy. We, nevertheless, groped our way to the interior, and found ourselves, in company with some four hundred others, huddled up in the gloom like shadows, for whose edification Mr. Benedict and his Orchestra, enveloped in a mist, were performing that most sunny and brilliant of overtures, *A Calm Sea and a Prosperous Voyage*.

This, if it did not lighten the darkness, lightened the hearts of all present. It was a "Mendelssohn Night," and turned out to be by far the best concert of the season. Those who were absent, on account of the fog, were deprived of a rich and a rare entertainment. The first part was all Mendelssohn. Among other things, there was a really fine performance of the A Major Symphony—"Italy," as it is termed by many, on account of its last movement—another sunny and enchanting musical landscape, in the course of which, strange to relate, the mist in the orchestra and the fog in the room gradually dispersed. We do not pretend to say that Mendelssohn did it; but we know he adored sunshine and hated fogs, that his eyes were so bright you could almost see them in the dark, and that the fog did actually go its way! Moreover, we have our own private opinion in the matter.

A string of songs, &c.—a string of pearls, pearls of melody—formed part of the entertainment. Best of these was the air in B flat, "On song's bright pinions," which Miss Birch sang famously. Next best was the "May bells," in which the same accomplished lady was assisted by Miss Stabbach. The last-named rising young singer gave a very simple and appropriate reading of "The last violet," which Jetty Treffz made popular through the length and breadth of England. One of the prettiest of the "Spring songs" was entrusted to Mr. Suchet Champion; and "I'm a roamer," from the well-remembered operetta which was so nicely performed at the Haymarket, under the guidance of Alfred Mellon, was given to Mr. Lawler, who did not succeed in effacing the recollection of Mr. Weiss in the same animated song.

Last, not least, to complete the Mendelssohn selection,

Mlle. Wilhelmina Clauss performed the first concerto, for pianoforte and orchestra, in a manner which entitled her to unqualified praise. Her conception of this fine composition was full of poetry; her reading, delicate and happily varied; and her execution admirable. The *andante*—a song of unceasing beauty made such an impression upon the audience, that they unanimously re-demanded it, and Mlle. Clauss was forced to repeat it. At the end, she was recalled to the orchestra, and again complimented with genuine and well-merited applause. This performance is, we suspect, Mlle. Clauss's "positively last," previous to her departure for St. Petersburg, where the imperious Czar—his legions bleeding and rotting in the plains of Wallachia, and on the hills of Caucasus, to the worn-out old tune of the "Crusades"—is alternately writhing beneath the glance, and basking in the light of the unconquerable and conquering eyes of Rachel; while big Lablache looks on with oily fatness, little Ronconi laughs in a corner, and sonorous Tamberlik cleaves the autocratic roof with darts and javelins of song.

The feature of the second part, which began with the Overture to *La Gazza Ladra*, and finished with that to *Zanetta*, was the first appearance of Madame Amadei—a *contralto*, about whom more anon. At present, we can only say, that she sang Mercadante's "Se m'abbandonni," and the "Brindisi," from *Lucrezia Borgia*, displaying a voice almost approaching in roundness and beauty to that of the incomparable Alboni. Madame Amadei was received in the most flattering manner. The March from the *Prophète* well played, and Richardson, with his "Rule Britannia," uproariously encored, were also features. Madame and Signor F. Lablache, Miss Rebecca Isaacs, and other singers of less mark appeared; and to conclude, Mr. Elliot Galor, the new tenor from the St. James's Theatre, sang the Scotch song, "Macgregor's Gathering." Herr Lutz conducted the second part. We should have stated that the symphony in the first part was given at the end, instead of the beginning—a manifest improvement.

THE BEALE TOURS.

The enterprising and ever-active house of Cramer, Beale, and Co., has just projected a grand musical *tournee* in the provinces, which will commence in the last week of January. The artists engaged are Miss Arabella Goddard, Madame Amadei ("the English Alboni," as she has been sometime named), Mr. and Mrs. Weiss, Mons. Sainton, and Mr. Land. The tour can hardly fail to prove interesting in the highest degree. Madame Amadei is an untried singer, it may be said, and goes before her provincial audiences without a widely circulated reputation. Her name in the prospectus, may, therefore, lead to interrogatories. Nevertheless, we consider that the projectors of the *tournee* are fully warranted in engaging the new-found and little-known *contralto*. Madame Amadei possesses a magnificent voice, and has already pro-

duced an unmistakeable sensation at the *Réunion des Arts*, and the Wednesday Evening Concerts. We cannot doubt that she will be equally successful in the provinces.

Of Miss Arabella Goddard it is unnecessary to say a word. Her name is as well known out of London as in it; her talent almost as thoroughly appreciated.

The renowned violinist, M. Sainton, too, requires no preparatory trumpeting. He will be welcomed everywhere.

Of Mr. and Mrs. Weiss and Mr. Land, it is enough to say that they will constitute serviceable members of the company.

If the new *tournee* fail in achieving a brilliant success, it will be the fault of the stars, and not of Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Co.

THEODORE DEHLER.

(From *La Revue et Gazette Musicale de Paris*.)

NEED we say how delighted we are to contradict the information lately given us by a traveller? Dehler is not dead. He informs us of the fact himself in the following letter, which proves that he was never in greater spirits; and we hope soon to learn that his health has been completely restored:—

"MY DEAR BRANDUS,—The sad news of my death, which I have just read in the *Gazette Musicale* of Paris, and the *Musical World* of London, is only half true. I am still among the living, but, alas, already and for some years past, dead to my art, in consequence of a nervous malady of the spine, which obliges me to remain constantly in a reclining position, in the most perfect *amoro far niente*. Physicians, nevertheless, give me a hope of being cured; I live in hope, and trust some of these days to contradict, by means of some new compositions, the second half of the sad news from Rome. In the meantime, I send you one of the last *Pensées musicales* that I have composed. You can give it to the readers of the *Gazette Musicale* from only half alive, but, as ever, yours truly,

"THEODORE DEHLER.

"Florence, 11th November, 1853."

[It is scarcely necessary to add that the news contained in M. Dehler's letter will be received with quite as much satisfaction in London as in Paris.—Ed. *M. W.*]

Dramatic.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—Mr. E. T. Smith, in addition to the American *troupe* of riders, has engaged Monsieur Desaires, with his trained dogs and monkeys, which form a *petite equestrian company*. The dexterity of the monkeys, in executing the most difficult feats of horsemanship on the backs of the dogs, affords a significant and amusing burlesque of the human equestrians. The morning performances, lately given on the Wednesdays, have been very attractive to the juvenile part of the community; and Mr. Smith will no doubt continue them during the forthcoming holidays.

FRENCH PLAYS.—SOHO THEATRE.—That the English are a good natured, and by no means "touchy" nation, is sufficiently proved by the fact that there is no species of dramatic representation which delights them so much as a piece in which their own weak points and peculiarities are "shown up." The broader the caricature, the more intensely does it appear to be relished by the very people against whom it is levelled. The

truth of this remark was incontrovertibly borne out by the performance on Monday evening last, at the above theatre of *Les Anglaises pour rire*, a dramatic libel (produced many years back at the Varieties) in which numerous eccentricities and peculiarities, never even heard of in England, are most absurdly attributed to us as "national characteristics." The great difficulty in pieces of this kind is to know how to draw the line between humorous counterfeit and absurd exaggeration, into which last named fault the impersonators of the two "*Anglaises pour rire*" (Messrs. Armaud Villot and Eugene), fell headlong. These gentlemen, who, for reasons incidental to the plot of the piece, disguise themselves as English "*miladis*," in their anxiety to render "London-French" as ludicrous as possible, invented a jargon which "neither gods nor men" could possibly understand, and which was a philological puzzle to both the English and French portions of the spectators. The erudite Mezzofanti, with his forty-five, and the still more highly accomplished Mithridates, King of Pontus, with his hundred and twenty-three dialects, would have gone away equally bewildered. The "sayings" of these gentlemen, however, were in thorough keeping with their "doings." The "*miladis*" in question are supposed to be in search of apartments, engaging which, they proceed (in strict accordance, of course, with aristocratic probability) to favour their landlord with a specimen of English dancing, for which purpose Messrs. Armaud Villot and Eugene selected not the *gigue* (Anglice, gig), which the author had set down for them, but a medley dance, in which the celebrated "double trouble" and "rock" from the "Sailor's Hornpipe," played a conspicuous part! Absurd as all this is, it fully realized the justice of Lord Chesterfield's invective against coarse merriment, viz.—"that the most refined will only create a smile, whereas the most flagrant absurdity will cause a hoarse laugh," for the satisfaction of the audience at this climax of extravagance appeared to know no bounds, and the anti-Almaekian *pas* was vociferously re-demanded. The real joke, however, connected with this piece, is that although its author merely intended it for what the French call a "*charge*" (somewhat *trop-charge*, by-the-bye), it used actually to be accepted in Paris as a correct reproduction of English manners and customs—having even been quoted as an authority on the subject of English female attire and *physique*. (Vide Eugene Sue's "*Mathilde*," vol. I, p. 36.)

ROYAL SOHO THEATRE.—The eighth performance of "The Players," was given on Wednesday evening. This society was established in 1852, by Messrs. Harrison and Palmer, two gentlemen well known among theatrical amateurs, and to whose united exertions is mainly owing the success which has attended most of the performances given under the superintendence of the society. Many of the members are well known as amateurs of much ability, and would be no mean acquisition to some of our larger houses, as was evidenced by the manner in which Sheridan's Comedy of *The School for Scandal* was performed. We give the cast from the bill, although we believe most of the actors assume *noms de guerre* for the occasion, but we doubt not they will be recognised among their friends.

Sir Peter Teazle.....	Mr. G. HARRISON.
Sir Oliver Surface	Mr. RAYMOND.
Charles Surface	Mr. VIVIAN.
Joseph Surface.....	Mr. BERTRAM PALMER.
Crabtree.....	Mr. BENSON.
Sir Benjamin Backbite	Rowley.....
Trip.....	Mr. FORESTER.
Snake.....	Mr. LENNARD.
Servant to Joseph Surface.....	Mr. GIBBON.
Servant to Lady Sneerwell	Mr. ELIOT.

Lady Teazle.....	Miss EMILY SIDNEY.
Maria.....	Miss POWELL.
Lady Sneerwell	Mrs. Candour.....
	Miss LOVE.
	Miss WADE.

We understand the young lady who played Lady Teazle, is a pupil of Mrs. West, who was so celebrated in her day for her delineation of that part. The evening's entertainment concluded with Selby's farce of *Boots at the Swan*.

STRAND.—The opera of *The Lord of the Manor* has been given here during the week. Jackson, the author, or imputed author, of the music, was a popular writer of the last century, and has still, we believe, some graceful part songs extant; but he had not the genius to overcome the trammels of an ignorant age, and when a brighter era dawned, denounced it as the abortive offspring of the darkness it had come to remove. He told the world, that Haydn and Mozart were idiots and bedlamites, and had destroyed the spirit of melody. The same pitiful self-love induced him to decry the annual commemorations of Handel, then being held in Westminster Abbey; and, as if nature had resolved to make him a complete epitome of the age in which he lived, he had coarse and huffish manners. This exceedingly fourth-rate genius and very ill-contrived personage wrote anthems and operas by the dozen. Of the former, not one we believe has been deemed worth preserving, and of the latter, the above opera is the only one extant. These old operas are now, as we lately observed, understood to be chiefly composed of time-honoured melodies, with some additions by the reputed author. The two best melodies in *The Lord of the Manor*, are the tenor song, "Love among the Roses," very nicely given by Mr. Manly, and "Happy Days and Happy Nights," sung by Miss Fanny Reeves, and encored. The latter of these songs, at least, is decidedly of modern growth. Then Miss Rebecca Isaacs gave us "the Dashing White Sergeant," (certainly none of Jackson's,) in which she was encored. Thus, when we consider, in addition to other things, what portion of the original music must have been cut out to make way for these interpolations, there will be good reason to believe that the work, presented in the primitive beauty of the author's genius, would be found utterly unendurable. The subject of these writers' claims is becoming scarcely worth further inquiry, as the old melodies which unquestionably form the best portion of their "operas," are now tacitly referred to their proper place in the national collections. But this Jackson was an egotist of a very peculiar kind, who took to telling the world that light was darkness, and darkness light, only because he could not endure the sight of genius greater than his own. The soloists, on the present occasion, were unexceptionable, but a quartet in the second act, displaying some fluent part writing, and a pretty "cabaletta," hung fire in the performance; and we would, moreover, strongly urge on Mr. Alcroft the necessity of improving his orchestra.

SURREY THEATRE.—On Monday evening a new drama in five acts was produced, called *The Woman of Colour*. Like the version of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, successfully produced at this theatre last season, the piece is intended to exemplify some of the horrors of slavery in the United States. The scene is at New York. Lord Everton (Mr. Creswick), a young English nobleman, is enamoured of Florida Brandon, the daughter of a naval officer, and a fugitive quadroon slave. Her maternal descent making her the property of her mother's owner, a conspiracy is formed against her by her rival, an Englishwoman of rank. She is arrested at a ball, and carried to the house of her master, where, among other indignities, she is raffled for with cards and dice. Herein, however, her captors have, in their turn, overstepped the law, which is thus enabled to interfere

to protect her. Her lover is privileged to become her purchaser, and the piece concludes with her marriage and departure for England. These are slender incidents for a drama in five acts; but the chief recommendation of the piece consists in its sketches of American character, and slave-mongering. It has one or two good dramatic points. The best of these is Florida's arrest in the ball-room. The confusion of the company, her vain and impassioned appeal for protection, the brutal exclamation "Turn her out" (an exaggeration, let us hope), and the sudden appearance of the fiery young nobleman, who compels her oppressors to apologise and bow her out of the room—make a forcible and picturesque *tout ensemble*; and the acting of Miss Sarah Lyons is highly honourable to her as a youthful artiste. The piece would be the better for pruning it of some of the Yankeeisms in which it abounds. The pert and vulgar obtrusiveness, however, of American manners, is skilfully caught and contrasted with the quiet and graceful self-possession of the Europeans. The scenery and appointments are, as usual, admirable. The first scene, a drawing room, from which is seen the city and bay of New York, is especially beautiful. The piece was decidedly successful, and Mr. Creswick, on announcing it for repetition every evening, said that the author was an anonymous writer, who went by the name of Captain Williams.

Foreign.

PARIS, 20th Nov.—At the Académie Impériale de Musique, *Jocita*, the new ballet, was given three times during the week—on Monday and Wednesday with *Le maître chanteur*, and on Friday with *Lucie de Lammermoor*. The success of Mlle. Rosati increases nightly. The charming *dansuse* leaves for Italy the end of this month, and will not return until the spring. We mentioned some time ago that M. le Comte Thadée Tiszkievich intended to bring an action at law against the director of the Académie Impériale de Musique for a performance of *Der Freischütz*, with which he was not satisfied. The affair came off on Wednesday last, before the first chamber of the *Tribunal de Première Instance*. The plaintiff's demand was read by M. Henri Celliez, advocate of M. Nestor Roqueplan, amidst roars of laughter, in which the Tribunal several times joined. M. Lachaud, on the other side, tried to justify the demand. Before going on with the case, the Tribunal, however, required the plaintiff to give security for costs (*fournir la caution JUDICATUM SOLVI*), and fixed the limit at 1,000 francs (£40). M. Nestor Roqueplan intends to bring a counter action against M. le Comte Tiszkievich. The affair has been postponed for a week.—At the Opera Comique, *Le Nabab* continues to attract good audiences. *Haydée*, *Marco Spada*, and *Colette*, in conjunction with the *Chalet*, the *Calife de Bagdad*, and *Bon soir, Monsieur Pantalon*, also draw good houses.—Madame Petrovich Walter has been engaged by the new director of the Théâtre Italien as *prima donna assoluta*. This young cantatrice is the grand-daughter of the celebrated Cara Georges, Prince of Servia.—By a resolution of the Minister of State, dated the 12th Nov., MM. Vervoust, senior, and Labro, have been named professors of the oboe and contra-basso at the *Conservatoire* of Music and Declamation, in place of MM. Vogt and Chast, resigned. The resignation of these professors cannot but be regretted. M. Chast has brought out some excellent pupils, and M. Vogt has been attached to the *Conservatoire*, as professor of the oboe, since 1816, and nearly as long to the orchestras of the Grand Opera, the *Société des Concerts*, to the chapel of Napoleon, and of the Kings who succeeded him. He made the campaign of Ulm and Austerlitz, and in such a way that, although but sixty-three, his various services united, form a total of one hundred and twenty-six years. This is an example, unique perhaps, in the history of artists, and which well merits to be recorded.—The association of *Artistes Musiciens* of France will celebrate, according to custom, the *fete* of their patron, Sainte Cecile, on Tuesday the 22nd inst., at eleven o'clock, in the Church of Sainte Eustache, by a solemn mass, the composition of M. Ambroise Thomas.

Six hundred executants, singers, and instrumentalists, under the direction of M. Tilmant, senior, will take part in the performance. The solos will be sung by MM. Massett, Bataille, and Madlle. Lefebvre. During the mass, a collection will be made for the benefit of the association. By his will, Zimmerman has left an income of 1,200 francs (£48), to the association, of which he was one of the founders, and of which he was one of the most active and zealous members. A funeral mass, composed by him, will be performed, in honour of his memory.—Thalberg has been in Paris a short time, and intends to pass the winter here. He is at present at Vienna, where a new opera, from his pen, is to be executed. It is to be an Italian Opera, in three acts, the *libretto* by Romani, which the Emperor of Austria has commanded him to write in celebration of his marriage, to take place in April next. MM. Rosenhain and Frederic Brissan have both returned to Paris. At a concert given at Vauxhall, Mlle. Sala made a decided impression. This young vocalist, who possesses a contralto voice of agreeable quality, sung several *morceaux*. Under the title of *Introduction to the Comparative Study of the Tones, and chiefly of the Gregorian Chants and Modern Music*, M. Joseph d'Ortigue has just published two of the fundamental articles of his "Liturgie, Historique, and Theoretic Dictionary of the Gregorian Chants and Church Music," which is shortly to appear. In "The Philosophy of Music," M. D'Ortigue explains the principles of the musical art, as well as the laws from whence they derive their affinity to the other arts; but in the article "Tonality," he makes a direct attack on the "Liturgie" question so much in dispute, viz., the return to the Roman chant. Whilst admitting the possibility of discovering the pure text of the Gregorian melodies, M. D'Ortigue, under the form of a prejudicial question, starts an important query—whether the human ear, tutored these last two hundred years to the modern tonality, could again fashion itself to the condition of the ancient tonality?—The annual general assembly of the Society of Authors, Composers, and Music Publishers, will take place on Sunday the 20th, at one o'clock, in the rooms of M. Soufflets, the pianoforte manufacturer.—Liszt has returned to Weimar.

BERLIN.—At the Theatre Royal, the *Prophete*, with Mme. Johanna Wagner as Fides, has been drawing as usual full audiences. *Le Lac des Fées* of Auber has been added to the *repertoire*. At the Theatre Wilhelmstadt, two operas by M. Adam have been performed: *Giralda* and *La Poupée de Nurembourg*. The French school is in great favour at Berlin. The *Noce de Jeannette* is in rehearsal at the Theatre Royal. The first representation will take place some time in December. *Vieuxtemps* is expected here in January. For the *fete* of the Queen, the Theatre Royal will give the *Armide* of Gluck. Before the end of the year, will be produced, at least it is hoped, *Ruberzahl*, a new opera by Flotow.

BRUSSELS.—Mlle. Anna Lemaire has obtained, as *prima donna* at the Grand Theatre, a decided success in the *Amours du Diable*. The *Nabab* of Halevy is now in rehearsal, and this vocalist will take the part originally sung by Mme. Felix Miolan.

ROME.—Pietro Raimondi, the Italian composer, *Maître de Chapelle* of the Vatican, and composer of the *triple oratorio*, executed in Rome in August last year, died there on the 30th of October, in his sixty-seventh year.

MILAN.—Carlo Bigatti, an organist, and who was the friend of Mayr and Spontini, died here lately.

HOLLAND.—A grand musical festival will be held at Rotterdam in the month of July, 1854, to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Society for the Advancement of Music in the Netherlands. A building capable of containing 5,000 people will be erected, in the new part of the town, by the side of the river Meuse. Handel's *Israel in Egypt*, Haydn's *Seasons*, the ninth Symphony of Beethoven, a psalm by Verhulst, and other works by Dutch composers, will be executed by an orchestra and chorus of 800 performers. The most celebrated singers of the day will be entrusted with the solo parts, and M. Verhulst, Chevalier du Lion Neerlandois, and member of the Society, has accepted the post of director and conductor. Several of the most celebrated foreign artists and honorary members of the Society will be invited to attend, and it is also hoped that the Royal Family will honour the festival with their presence. There are also fêtes to be given

for the people. The festival will be inaugurated by a speech, and the whole of the fêtes, which will last for eight days, concluded by a grand dinner and fireworks. The expenses will amount to about £5,000, or 60,000 florins, and active preparations are going on.

MONTE-VIDEO.—The French lyric *troupe*, under the direction of MM. Dutilloy and Prosper Fleuriot, made their *debut* in one of the most successful works of Halévy—*La Juive*. At eight o'clock the theatre presented a most animated appearance. M. Marioz, the first tenor, obtained a success in the difficult part of Eléazar; MM. Sardon, Sotto, and Halvin filled the other parts very well. M^{me}. Renouville was Rachel, M^{lle}. Elisa Lucas, Eudoxie. The opera went off amidst bravos and recalls; after the fourth act, Marioz had the honour of the first recall. At the end, the other artists shared the same honour with him. The ability with which the chorus and orchestra was conducted also contributed to the success.

VIENNA.—M^{lle}. La Grua, we learn, has made a most successful debut at Vienna, in the part of Amina in *Sonnambula*. She was recalled six times in the course of the evening, and constantly applauded.

BOSTON.—From the *Boston Daily Times*. (Nov. 3.)—TOWN TALK, ETC.—That etc. up there means music! I have been to Jullien's concert, and whig-bang-boom-tweedle-deedle-br-r-r-tw-e-e-boom-crash generally! that's how my head has been ever since! Such a combination of sounds! such sweet confusion, as Maria Matilda would say, such a scraping and a "blowing-up" time as they had up there on the platform, I never saw before, and I never expect to see again! The bassoon man bowed himself clear through his instrument and came out at the other end—the clarinet sawed off all his strings but one, and played Hail Columbia in three keys on that—the bass viol jerked himself into inch pieces, and evaporated in enthusiasm—the French horn took French leave of his senses—four-and-twenty fiddlers, all in a row, tried to take the shine out of four-and-twenty wind instruments, all in another row, but, as usual, wind triumphed. The big drum stood upon its dignity, being too massive to stand upon anything else—while over and above all, calm as a calm at high-water, waved Jullien—the superb Jullien—the enthusiastic Jullien—the observed of all observers—with his bright keen eyes wandering over his group, ready to wilt any unfortunate instrument into its boots that should be found tripping among the notes. Unhappy he who incurred the wrath of those "leetil twinklers." Triangle, being the hundredth part of demi-semi-quaver flat, "caught it" the night I was there, and hasn't been heard of since; kettle-drum grew red in the face at the uplifted finger of the great director, while an expressive sh-h-h settled poor bass-viol's business for that night. Well, it was grand, it was superb—altogether superb. In that *National* affair, I saw Yankee Doodle coming into town on a little pony, just as plainly as ever I saw Blue Morgan propel himself around the track, while the Star-spangled Banner somehow tangled itself up among the heart-strings of the auditors, and dragged them all upon their feet. I am not musical, thank God, that is, not artistically musical; but the man or woman that could sit through that combination of musical airs without feeling Seventy-six-y, from the crown of their head to the sole of their foot, must be more frozen-hearted than I should like to be. But, Jullien, before you leave us, for sweet charity's sake, do put the price of your tickets down to the reach of a poor man's pocket. We have those amongst us, whose hearts are warm and generous, who would understand and appreciate the intricacies of your art, as well as if "almighty dollar" was stamped upon their destiny; who would love your blended harmonies, and you for their sake, but whose necessities would oblige them to turn over a dollar many times before parting with it for an hour's amusement. Do, please, give them one night's happiness at a cost which they can afford. Shut away your artistic and elaborate arias and cadenzas in their gilded binding; lay grand Beethoven upon the shelf, and let him have a good night's rest, and search out some of those exquisite little gems which have a throb and a pulse in them, and lay them at the heart of toiling men and women. Perhaps you think they don't care for any such amusement; perhaps you think the hard raps of life have dulled the edge of taste till they are regardless of aught but that which turns them an honest penny. Wrong, Jullien, wrong! If you could have seen, as I did, a few

evenings since, the little knot of ragged boys clustered around the door of your hall, listening with might and main for the occasional bits of melody which came crashing through the crevices—boys whose ragged jackets couldn't keep the music from their souls—if you could have seen the old woman seated patiently upon the steps, listening to that which came to her as a voice from home! for she had seen you in the old country, so she told me (for, notwithstanding the tuggings of my companion, I couldn't help speaking with her), and she had been watching with weary eyes the fluttering in of fashionable birds, and longing for, perhaps coveting, the treat in store for them. Pity, *wasn't* it—when any one of the ornaments so liberally displayed that evening upon graceful forms, would have bought that old woman the entire happiness of at least one night! How I did long to be rich, and how I do often and often again, when such chances to give enjoyment for a simple sum spring up before me. I told her to come to me next week, and she should hear those old home sounds, and see those old familiar faces to better advantage. So, Jullien, you see what an enormous expense I shall have to incur if you don't give us music *within* bounds. If the aristocrats don't like it, let them stay away (we don't think so much of aristocracy in this country as you do in England), and by so doing you will gain—something *better* than their praise—the lasting gratitude of the "bone and sinew" of our Republic. Te Mr. Brough my thanks are especially due, inasmuch as the paper over whose theatrical columns I preside, had already its full complement of tickets—therefore my claim was only to his generosity, to which I am, as I observed before, especially indebted. As to the originality and excellence of the Concerts, they are unlike anything we have ever had, or are ever likely to have, in our good city. The above is the best description I am competent to give.

H. M. S.

[The best description we can give of the above is, that it is precious stuff.]

BAIL COURT.

(Sittings at Nisi Prius, before MR. JUSTICE EARLE).

HUGHES AND OTHERS v. LUMLEY.

Mr. Bramwell and Mr. Unthank were counsel for the plaintiff; and Mr. Hoggins, Mr. Lush, Mr. Wise, and Mr. Raymond for the defendants.

Mr. Bramwell, in opening the case to the jury, said that this was an action of ejectment to recover possession of the Italian Opera House. The plaintiffs were a Mr. Hughes, any attorney in the country (Worcester), Messrs. Lyons and Barnes, who were also attorneys, and Mr. Storer, a gentleman of fortune. The defendant's name was well known to them as that of the lessee and manager of the Italian Opera House. The plaintiffs had separately recovered judgment against Mr. Lumley. They all issued writs of extent, and had all joined in bringing this action. The only question in the cause that he knew of, would be as to which of the plaintiffs would be entitled to succeed. Hughes had first registered his judgment for £1,143 10s. in the Common Pleas on the 10th of August, 1852, and in Middlesex, on the 11th of May, 1852; Storer registered his judgment for £2,569 in the Common Pleas on the 22nd of July, 1852; and in Middlesex, on the 4th of January, 1853; Lyons and Barnes' judgment for £22,482 was registered in the Common Pleas on the 18th December, 1852, and in Middlesex on the 20th of December, 1852. The writs were delivered to the sheriff, by whom they were retained until the 26th of January, 1853, when they were all executed on the same day, according to the priority in which they were delivered to him, without notice to Lumley, and in his absence. The inquiries were all in the same form, stating that when Hughes's writ was issued, there was no other writ in the office.

MR. HOGGINS submitted that Hughes was not entitled to recover. The first point would be whether the three, or which of the three would be entitled to recover in this ejectment, and that would depend upon the construction to be put upon the statute 1st and 2nd Victoria, chap. 110. As regarded Hughes's case, it stood thus:—His judgment was registered on the 10th August, and Storer's on the 22nd July. By the 11th section of the statute the

sheriff was empowered to deliver execution to a judgment creditor, but the section recited that the law was defective in not providing adequate means for a judgment creditor to obtain satisfaction for his judgment, and it then recited that the sheriff should deliver execution to the person seized at the time of entering up the judgment. Therefore, Storer's judgment was anterior to that of Hughes. By the 19th section it was provided, that no judgment should by virtue of this act affect any lands unless a memorandum of minutes should be left with the Master of the Common Pleas. Storer would, therefore, be the first entitled. The 14th section provided, that a judgment should operate as a charge upon real estate, &c., to which the party should at the time of the judgment be entitled; and then it gave a remedy in a court of equity. Upon that section it was submitted that Storer's judgment must prevail before that of Hughes, whose title was subsequent to that of Storer, and it was the duty of the sheriff to have executed Storer's writ first. Lyons and Barnes had not possession delivered to them, because the other two parties had possession first.

Mr. Justice EARLE thought that the construction of the statute must be left to the Court above.

Mr. HOGGINS would then state his defence as regarded Hughes, because he should say nothing as to the other two parties. By the statute of Anne, chap. 16, sec. 1, it was enacted that no person should take, directly or indirectly, for the loan of money more than 5 per cent., and all bonds, &c., bearing a larger interest, should be void. The defendant did not say that he sought on the ground of usury, however frightful it might have been, to set aside the judgment, but he said the law did impose this restraint upon Hughes, that he should not obtain a priority and supersede other persons.

Mr. Justice ERLE thought it had been decided, that this was only applicable to a loan upon land.

Mr. HOGGINS said, this was a judgment upon a warrant of attorney, dated the 25th of June, 1852; the advance was of £1,000, with a defeasance for the payment of £1,140, by weekly instalments within two months. In order to make out this part of the case the learned counsel called

Samuel Price Hughes, who said,—The sum I advanced was upon an agreement and bills of exchange. I advanced £1,000, and I was to have £1,140, payable weekly, within two months. That would be more than 5 per cent., but it included expenses for preparation of papers and journeys. There was an agreement signed by Mr. Lumley and Dr. Barker, and a subsequent one with Gye, under which I received from Mr. Gye £5,000 for my interest in the theatre and for a lease. I have to pay the rent and insurance. I consider the £5,000 as applicable to the payments I have to make in respect of the theatre. Mr. Gye has demanded the repayment of the £5,000 because I have not been able to give him possession. I know that Gye did not enter into the agreement with me in order that he might close the theatre.

Mr. HOGGINS then submitted that this evidence of Mr. Hughes clearly proved that he had been paid. He had received £5,000 from Gye.

After a vast deal of discussion it was arranged that there should be a verdict for Hughes upon the demise by Hughes, with liberty to the defendant to move to set aside, or reverse, or alter the verdict.

MUSIC AT BIRMINGHAM.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

MY DEAR SIR,—“The Birmingham notices will doubtless come to hand.” Thus prophesied the Ed. M. W. in his “Notices to Correspondents,” last week. What inquiring soul, my dear Mr. Editor, was so anxiously awaiting the report of your Birmingham Correspondent? Who could have felt so much interest in the “Musical Doings” at Birmingham? Not a real “Brummagem button” I should imagine, or he must have known that since my last there has not been much news to communicate. 'Tis true, that Mr. and Mrs. Sims Reeves, and a powerful operatic corps, consisting of Miss Julia Harland, Messrs. Manvers, Farquharson, Smith, and W. H. Weiss, have again been with us; and concluded

another successful engagement at our theatre last Friday. I have so lately reported to you their visit to us a few weeks ago, that I have nothing new to say upon the subject now; inasmuch as nothing new was presented. The same operas represented then, were re-presented this time, and attracted, if not quite so well as before, at least, highly respectable audiences. I do not, at this moment, recollect whether the *I Puritani* was given by them on their previous visit; it was, however, performed on Friday, for the benefit of Mr. Sims Reeves, to an overflowing house, “England's great tenor,” has cause to be proud of his ever enthusiastic receptions in this town; flattering, and well earned, as Mr. Reeves' receptions are throughout England, I question if any town in this “our sea-girt isle,” is more enthusiastic in receiving, or more ardent in doing homage to his commanding talents. In common with every member of the musical world in Birmingham, while expressing regret that we shall only have one more opportunity of listening to his magnificent singing for a long time to come, do I wish him happiness in the “land of song,” whither he is about to bend his steps, and trust upon his return to his native land, we may soon welcome him again to Birmingham. In my report of the previous visit of the operatic corps to this town, I unintentionally committed an act of injustice towards Mr. Reeves, and for which I am anxious to make the *amende honourable*. You will recollect that some rascal among our “gods,” had the impudence to let fly the cork of a “pop bottle” just at the climax of the malediction scene in the *Lucia*, which I reported as having annoyed Mr. Reeves so much, that he left the stage. This I have since learned was incorrect. He did not leave the stage, but merely, in very natural disgust, walked up the stage. My apology to Mr. Reeves must be, and which I trust he will accept, that I was not in the theatre at the moment, and was misinformed by those who pretended to have witnessed the affair. To Mr. Reeves, such a trifle can be of little moment, but in my reports, I am particularly anxious to be correct, so that no blame may be attached to me. As I said before, an overflowing house greeted Mr. Sims Reeves, on this, his farewell benefit. The opera went off well; but the audience seemed more at home in the music of *The Beggar's Opera* which followed, and in which Mr. Sims Reeves sustained his well-known role of Captain Macheath. Altogether, though the houses were not so crowded generally, as on the previous engagement of the same party, the operas went better; Weiss' singing was magnificent the whole time, and Farquharson Smith seemed more at home in stage business. His fine voice was heard to far greater advantage than before. This gentleman is destined to become a great acquisition to the stage and concert-room, or I am much out of my calculation. Miss Julia Harland, and our old friend Manvers, excited themselves in their respective parts most creditably to themselves, and satisfactorily to the audience. Of the singing of Mr. and Mrs. Sims Reeves, I need not say a word; it is not easy to “gild refined gold.” Before concluding my remarks, however, I must not omit to mention Mr. J. H. Tully, who again held the *baton*, and directed his forces with the most consummate skill, a more accomplished *chef d'orchestre* it would be a difficulty to find.

On Tuesday last, we had a visit from our old friend Mr. Henry Phillips, who delivered his entertaining lecture upon the “Characteristic Music of various nations” to a numerous audience at our Town Hall. The lecturer ably succeeded in keeping the interest alive among his audience during a couple of hours, and was rapturously encored in many of his vocal illustrations.

To-night, Sims Reeves takes his farewell of Birmingham. I shall send you a report next week; I shall also allude next week to a point or two, which time will not allow me to do now; I regret time is pressing just at this moment, as, for the satisfaction of a certain gentleman in this town, it was my intention to have made my letter longer, but I will not forget him next week. Till then, believe me, my dear sir,

Very truly,

YOUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Handel's Oratorio, *Samson*, was given last night. The principal feature was the appearance of Madame Viardot Garcia. Details in our next.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

On Monday and Thursday last the Italian version of the *Huguenots* was repeated by the German company, who gave it here for Formes' benefit three weeks ago. The opera has since then been performed by them several times in Liverpool, and the chorus has been strengthened by additional voices from Covent Garden; so that a much more satisfactory performance was given on both occasions—the three principals proving that they are superior histrionic, as well as vocal, artists.

We were not present on Monday evening, and Thursday was Charles Hallé's Second Classical Chamber Concert. We went on Tuesday, however, to the first performance of *Fidelio*, in the original German, since its production by the company, comprising the names of Staudigl, Tichatzeck, and Schödel, in 1841.

For some reason not known to us, Mr. Edward Loder was not wielding the baton; Herr Anschütz took his place. The overture was rapturously encored. The opera throughout was most carefully and correctly given, with as strong a cast as the company were capable of giving. Caradori proved an admirable Fidelio. Reichardt made one of the best Florestans we have seen, and Formes' Rocco is a masterpiece, both of acting and singing. He threw himself completely into the part; his acting had all the intensity of real life. Mdle. Zimmerman was more at home in Marcellina than in Marguerite in *Gli Ugonotti*. She was quite equal to her part, and sang the music carefully and well throughout. Our old friend, Signor Gregorio, made quite a respectable Minister, and the chorus were, for the most part, good and efficient. After the pretty duet, and Marcellina's charming song,—in which Mdle. Zimmerman did herself great credit,—the canon quartet was excellently sung. Formes then obtained a rapturous encore in "Hut man nicht," his delivery of which was highly expressive and full of meaning. He was equally good in the trio with Fidelio and Marcellina, which was all but encored. Mdme. Caradori was very fine in the lovely air, "Konum Hoffnung." We then were somewhat disappointed in the prisoner's chorus. The second act excited the audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. Florestan's lovely recitative and air were rendered with exquisite feeling and taste by Herr Reichardt. His appearance was strictly in good keeping with the character of the half-famished noble prisoner. The duet at the grave for Rocco and Fidelio was a masterly display of dramatic vocalization, and the fine trio following was given with such fervour by the three principals as to be unanimously encored. We have seldom listened to finer singing, combined with action on the stage! The duet of the restored husband and his wife, with its natural truthful burst of affection, had full justice done to it by Caradori and Reichardt—who, with Formes, were directly recalled before the curtain and cheered.

Of the finale we can scarcely speak in adequate terms—it was splendidly sung on all hands. It is, we believe, the finest choral piece ever written for the stage, and we never heard it go so well before. It is a fitting close to this glorious opera, and raises the feelings of the audience almost to ecstasy before the curtain falls.

This evening the Germans perform here for the last time in the opera of *Norma* (by desire) in Italian. We hope at some not far distant time to hear the principals in this talented troupe in Manchester again.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA IN LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The brief but brilliant operatic season at the Theatre-Royal terminated, on Friday evening, with *Fidelio*, which, to the great regret of many musical amateurs, was its only performance by Mr. Jarrett's troupe, by whom it was done full justice to. The principal artistes seemed thoroughly acquainted with the music. The Rocco of Formes was complete in the minutest details, every trait of the character being represented to the life, without being overdone. He sang the music solos with rare gusto, and in the concerted music his magnificent voice added immensely to the general effect.

Equally good, in its way, was the Florestan of Reichardt. A more finished specimen of dramatic vocalism we would hardly wish to hear.

Taking all the difficulties of the opera, and a first performance into consideration, *Fidelio* went off very well. The chorus got through their arduous duties very creditably; for which they ought to be grateful to Herr Anschütz, one of the most talented of conductors.

At the termination of the opera, "God save the Queen" was sung, the solos by Reichardt, Formes, and Caradori; and then, amidst three hearty "Hurrahs," the operatic season terminated.

We trust Mr. Jarrett and his company may be induced to pay us another visit; they will be sure of a hearty welcome; and, if due notice is given of their performances, we are assured that the result will be successful.

MR. G. V. BROOKE'S Engagement at our two theatres terminated on Saturday evening last. On Friday evening the performances were for the benefit of Mr. Brooke, when he appeared as the Stranger, and as William in *Black-eyed Susan*. The house was crowded. After the play Mr. Brooke was called before the curtain to receive the congratulations of the audience.—On Saturday evening last, a few minutes before the commencement of the performance at the Amphitheatre, a young man, named Conolly, fell from the gallery over into the pit, alighting on one of the forms. It appears that he was skipping from one form to another, in order to get near the front of the gallery, where he might recognise a friend in the pit, when his foot caught something which tripped him over the railing. The house was nearly filled at the time, and, as may well be imagined, the accident caused the greatest consternation in the building. Almost miraculously, the young man was not at all hurt, although it was expected that he would have been killed, the distance of the fall being upwards of 30 feet. Mr. Copeland, the lessee, was promptly on the spot, and Conolly, who was a little stunned, was conveyed to the shop of Mr. Sutton, chemist, at the corner of Queen-square, where, on being examined, it was found that he had sustained no external injury. In a few minutes he again entered the theatre, and witnessed the performances.

BEETHOVEN'S STUDIES.

No. II.

BEETHOVEN'S STUDIES AGAIN.—ARE THEY COUNTERFEIT?

ROGERSVILLE, TENN., Oct. 11, 1853.

MR. EDITOR,—The *Musical World & Times*, of October 1, came to hand yesterday. Your reply to my translation of F. Derkum's article, "Beethoven's Studies, a work proved to be counterfeit," calls for another reply from me. You ask of me the "why?" of my throwing that article now before the American public, though it has been written two years and has been almost as long in my possession. I will answer that question, and besides this, will add something which is closely connected with what has been said of "B's Studies," and which is eminently calculated to prove, conclusively, that after all, these studies are counterfeit.

You say—"We are astonished that the translator has not been checked by the early period of the publication of this article, from throwing it before the American public. We are in 1853, and the German paper (*Rheinische Musikzeitung*) of 1851; a period of two years," &c. To this I reply, that Schubert's new edition, together with your two extensive notices of it, induced me to translate Derkum's article. The date seems to me of no importance; this article will be interesting to the musical student ten years from now. Godfrey Weber commenced his attacks upon the genuineness of Mozart's Requiem in 1824 or '25, a period of at least thirty-four years after it was composed; and I venture to say, that even now, Weber's articles, together with other facts which were then brought to light, would be interesting to many a student of music. This by way of illustration. I will not multiply words, but proceed at once with the final stroke, which settles the matter beyond a doubt, that this book did not originate with Beethoven.

In the first place let me say, Derkum is innocent; A. Schindler

is the guilty one; he made the first and second charges, and Derum only hunted for the origin of the studies.

Who is A. Schindler?

Anthony Schindler was born 1790; was Theater-Kapellmeister in Vienna; 1832, Director of music at the Cathedral in Münster; lived after the year 1835 in Aachen, and for aught I know is still living. He was for many years the most intimate friend of Beethoven, lived with him in the same house for ten years, and waited upon him during his long illness up to his death, with the most tender devotion. Under these circumstances ought he not to know a great deal about Beethoven?

What did Schindler do in relation to the "Studies?"

When the book was first advertised, Schindler published a protest in the "Leipziger Musicalische Zeitung," (No. 8, 1835). Chevalier J. v. Seyfried and Haslinger threatened; Schindler maintained his position, and replied, "If you will show to me, and to other persons known to me, the materials of these studies in Beethoven's own handwriting, and these persons will bear public testimony to the authenticity of Beethoven's MSS., I will retract; but as long as you do not comply with this condition, I declare Beethoven's Studies to be counterfeit."

Did they comply with this condition? No! Seyfried and Haslinger were silent.

How now, Mr. Editor—satisfied?

In 1831, Schubert, in Hamburg, republished the Studies. Schindler protested again in an article which appeared in No. 16, 1851, of the "Neue Zeitschrift für Music," headed—"Beethoven's Studies, a mystification, or, quod idem, a counterfeit work:"—according to which, these so called "Beethoven's Studies in counterpoint," are examples which Albrechtsberger had collected and partly composed for his pupils, and which, at the auction of Beethoven's library, were bought by J. Haslinger for a few kreuzer—1 kreuzer—2-3 cent).

Let these facts speak: they need no comment.

HENRY SCHWING.

MUSIC.

(Continued from page 742.)

There is that in Beethoven's works which might well give credibility to the report of his being the son of Frederick the Great, and probably led to it. This grand genius and crabbed eccentric man never loved or trusted. He shut himself up with his music to be out of the way of his fellow-creatures. His deafness only gave him the excuse of being more morose. We hear this to a certain degree in his music. His instruments speak, but they do not speak like men. We listen to their discourse with exquisite delight, but not with that high and complete sympathy which Mozart's wordless speech gives. High as he is above us, Mozart is still always what we want and what we expect. There is a sense and method in all he does, a system pursued, a dominion over himself, an adaptation to others which our minds can comprehend. He is as intensely human in his instrumental as in his vocal music, and therefore always intelligible. Beethoven is perpetually taking us by surprise. We do not know that we have such sympathies till he appeals to them—he creates them first, and then satisfies them. He keeps our fancy in a perpetual flutter of wonder and ecstasy, but he rarely speaks direct to the common humanity between us. We never feel that he inspires the highest idea of all—the idea of religion. His *Mount of Olives* is exquisite; we are grateful for it as it is, but it might have been composed for an emperor's name's-day, only Beethoven would never have done such a civil thing. His grand "Missa Solennis" is the most wonderful moving *tableau* of musical painting that was ever presented to outward ear and inward eye. Each part is appropriate in expression. The "Kyrie Eleison" is a sweet Babel of sup-

plications; the "Gloria in excelsis Deo" is a rapturous cry; the quartette "Et in terra pax—hominibus bonae voluntatis" is meant for beings little lower than the angels; "Credo" is the grand declamatory march of every voice in unison, tramping in one consent like the simultaneous steps of an approaching army; the "Ante omnia secula" is an awful self-sustaining of the music in regions separated in time and space from all we ever conceived in heaven or earth. Beethoven out-Beethovens himself in a sublimity of imagery no musician ever before attempted; but as to the pure religious feeling, we neither fall on our knees as with Mozart, nor rise on wings as with Handel.

Where will the flight of musical inspiration next soar? It has been cleverly said by Reichardt that Haydn built himself a lovely villa, Mozart erected a stately palace over it, but Beethoven raised a tower on the top of that, and whoever should venture to build higher would break his neck. There is no fear of such temerity at present. Weber, Spohr, and Mendelssohn have each added a porch in their various styles of beauty, but otherwise there are no signs of further structure. The music of the day has a beauty and tenderness of colouring which was never surpassed, but all distinction of form seems crumbling away. It is like fair visions in dreams or studies of shifting clouds, or one of Tennyson's rhapsodies, the strain delicate, the touches brilliant, but the subject nothing if the finish were taken away. They cannot be stripped to the level of a child's exercise and still show their beauty of form, like a chorus of Handel or an air of Mozart.

It is impossible to say what resources remain undeveloped in the progress of music. Fresh forms of nationality may arise. The Italians may form a grand instrumental school; the father or grandfather of some sublime English composer may be now fiddling waltzes in one of our ball-rooms; the Greek Church in Russia may foster some Palestrina of its own; new instruments may be invented; the possibility of this may be conceived, but the probability not hoped in, for earthly music must share the mortality of all things here, and Mozart's Requiem is above fifty years old.

We have not mentioned the modern opera. Nor does it square with our endeavour to prove the exclusive value of music as the only one of the arts exempt from the trail of the serpent. There are few recent operas that do not give this theory somewhat the lie, not only in the pomp and vanity of their luxurious accessories, but in a suspicious fascination in the music itself, leaving impressions on the mind that we have been rather listening to the Syrens from the Isle of Calypso than to the Muses of Mount Olympus.

Reviews of Music.

"LA FETE DU VILLAGE."—LE PAPILLON."—"ZWEI LIEDER OHNE WORTE,"—for pianoforte. T. W. NAUMAN. R. Mills.

There is no pretension in any of these pieces, but they are pretty and available. *La Fete du Village*, (why not "Village fete?") is a short movement, waltz measure, in the pastoral style. The key is F. Contrast is obtained by a brief episode in D flat. *Le Papillon*, (why not "Butterfly?") is a sparkling *toccata* in F, fairly distributed between both hands. It is an agreeable study, and showy, without being at all difficult. In the second edition we recommend Mr. Nauman to put his pen across the affected and unmeaning chord of D flat, (page 5.) in the last bar but one. Of the *Zwei Lieder ohne Worte*, (why not "Two songs without words?") we must prefer the last. The first, in E flat, is stale and sentimental. The last, in G, embraces a lively melody ingeniously accompanied by arpeggios, despersed for both hands—again

something in the "Butterfly" style. We can recommend these pieces, in spite of the French, as good of their class.

"HAMILTON'S MODERN INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE PIANOFORTE"—
Fingered by CARL CZERNY. R. Cocks and Co.

The addition of M. Czerny's fingering to the above well-known elementary work adds both to its attraction and its utility. It is, moreover, considerably enlarged. All that can well be comprised in so many pages may be found in these "Modern Instructions," which will serve the purpose of students of the piano as well as most things of the kind, and much better than many.

"HAMILTON'S MODERN INSTRUCTIONS FOR SINGING"—R. Cocks and Co.

A companion to the above, compiled with the same care and completeness, concise though full of information, profuse of examples, easy to learn, and quite as well fitted to promote the advancement of the young singer, as its companion that of the young pianoforte player.

"SIX POESIES"—pour le piano—CHARLES EVERS. Ewer and Co.

These "Poesies," by a Viennese musician of repute, merit attention. They are superior to the majority of drawing-room music with romantic titles. No. 1, a *nocturne* in F, is flowing and expressive. No. 2, a *tarantella* in D minor, oddly entitled "La Resolution," though not very new (how can a *tarantella* be new?) is marked by a certain vigor and liveliness. No. 3, "Insouciance," in F, is both tuneful and well written; but it must not be played with *insouciance*, or it will border on common-place. No. 4, without a name, is a graceful *andante* in G. No. 5, "La Foire," a vigorous movement in E *allegro*, we like the best of the six; it is, however, the most difficult. No. 6, with no name, an *andante religioso* in D, aims further than it reaches, but has merit nevertheless. The "Poesies," in conclusion, are worth attention, both from musicians and amateurs, since, though they present no mark of original thought, they constitute what is meant by "good music."

Provincial.

LEICESTER.—NICHOLSON'S CONCERTS FOR THE PEOPLE.—The second of these concerts took place in the New Music Hall, on Tuesday evening. The weather was again unfavourable; the attendance, however, was very respectable, and among the company a great many of the most liberal and appreciating of the Leicester musical public. The first part of the programme opened with the music in *Macbeth*. With the exception of Mrs. Streather, the vocalists were all local. The bass solos were divided between Mr. W. T. Briggs and Mr. Branstun; the other solos fell to the lot of Mrs. Streather, Miss Deacon, and Mr. Oldershaw. The accompaniments were played with due regard to the quaint character of the music. With an occasional exception, the choruses were given with energy and accuracy, for which thanks are mainly due to Mr. H. Gill, the honorary conductor. After the *Macbeth* music, Mrs. Streather sang a graceful composition by Mr. A. Nicholson, entitled "That Day." Mr. Streather played a fantasia on the harp on Irish airs; Mr. Oldershaw sang Dibdin's "Tom Bowling;" and Messrs. V. Nicholson and C. Weston played a concertante duet on themes from *Lucia*, for the violin and violoncello, by Mr. H. Nicholson, who accompanied them on the pianoforte; our young townsmen were warmly applauded and encored, as they deserved to be. The second part opened with one of Mendelssohn's classical quintets, to which Messrs. Löhr, Gill, C. Weston, Weston, sen., and H. Nicholson did full justice. Mrs. Streather then sang Loder's "There's a path by the river" with great taste; Miss Wykes (organist of St. George's) and Mr. Streather achieved success in their duo concertante by Bochs; Mr. Oldershaw sang Haydn's canzonet, "O, Tuneful Voice;" Mrs. Streather and Mr.

Oldershaw narrowly escaped an encore in Wade's duet, "I've wandered in dreams;" Mr. Nicholson's *pot pourri* from *Robert le Diable* was played in an admirable manner by the orchestra; and the concert concluded with Purcell's song, by Mrs. Streather, "Come unto these yellow sands," and chorus, "Hark, the watchdog's bark!" which formed an excellent *finale* to the concert.

THE ENGLISH GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION.—Rarely indeed have we the opportunity of hearing our English glee music rendered as it was on Monday evening by the famous Madrigal Union—a company including some of our best English singers—viz., Mrs. Endersohn, Mr. and Mrs. Lockey, Mr. Hobbs, and Mr. H. Phillips. The first part of the programme included Webbe's beautiful glee, "When Winds Breathe Soft," Stevens' "Ye Spotted Snakes," Muller's part-song, "Spring's Delights," and the madrigal, "Who shall win my Lady Fair," founded upon an ancient ditty in the library of the British Museum. All of these were given with a beauty and expression entirely new to those accustomed to hear glees as they are usually sung. With the exception of a beautiful duet by Mr. and Mrs. Lockey, part second consisted of solos, all of which were encored save one, and that one more deserving of repetition than any of them—we mean the song written by Land for Mrs. Lockey, "When Sorrow sleepeth, wake it not," which was sung with exquisite feeling and pathos. Mr. Hobbs displayed a good deal of humour in "Phyllis is my only Joy," and in "Simon the Cellarer," which he substituted as an encore. Mr. Henry Phillips, who has long maintained the position of one of the first English baritones, received much applause in his fine scena, "The Sea Fight," and on a demand for its repetition he gave, "The Groves of Blarney," the rich Irish humour of which he brought out most admirably. The third part, comprising, "Where the Bee Sucks," as a quartet, Lord Mornington's glee, "Here in Cool Grot," and the old madrigal, "Down in a Flowery Vale," were given with a sweetness which could not have been surpassed. We are glad to see that the company are to give other two concerts this week.—*Scotsman*.

BRIGHTON.—Mr. and Mrs. Bond are about to give a grand concert at the Town-hall, under the patronage of the Duke of Devonshire, the Earl and Countess of Chichester, and the Baroness de Goldsmidt. Selections from Mendelssohn's oratorio of Elijah will compose the first part. The artists will be Mrs. Bond, Mrs. Lockey, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. J. Marshall as vocalists; Mr. Bond, pianoforte; and Mous. Paque, violoncello. The town-hall is expected to be well filled, as Brighton is at this moment full of fashionables, and the weather has been delightfully clear and fine for the time of year.

BURTON-UPON-TRENT.—On Wednesday evening 16th inst., one of the best concerts known in this town for many years, was given in the Town-Hall by Mr. H. Nicholson, under the patronage of most of the principal gentry of the town and neighbourhood. The vocalists were Mrs. Streather, of London, Mrs. R. Paget, (late Miss Clarke, R.A.M.), and Mr. Anderson,—Instrumentalists, Mr. H. Nicholson, solo flautist to His Grace the Duke of Rutland, and Mr. Streather, harpist, from the Royal Italian Opera. An excellent programme was provided and performed in capital style. Mrs. Streather was encored in Bishop's "Mocking-bird," with flute obligato, as was also Mrs. Paget in "Bonnie Dundee," Horn's duet, "I know a bank," by these ladies, narrowly escaped an encore. The solos for harp and flute were both enthusiastically encored. Mr. Streather accompanied all the vocal music on the harp, which was more novel than effective. By particular desire of several present, Mr. Nicholson introduced an *extra* solo on the flute, to the great gratification of all present; the crowded state of the room will doubtless induce Mr. Nicholson to pay another visit ere long to Burton-on-Trent.

Miscellaneous.

ROYAL GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—The exhibition of the pictures of St. Petersburg and Constantinople, which takes place immediately preceding the diorama of the Ocean Mail to the Cape, India, and Australia, is at this moment highly interesting, from

the excited state of the public mind, with regard to the war now raging between Turkey and Russia. Any one desirous of seeing the capital cities of the respective countries, could not have a better opportunity than the present to become intimately acquainted with their peculiarities, of which these pictures are perfect representatives.

THE SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY'S customary performance of Handel's *Messiah* is announced for Friday, the 9th of December.

DURING THE PAST WEEK, Miss E. T. Greenfield ("the Black Swan") has been singing at a series of concerts in conjunction with Mrs. Alex. Newton, Miss Eliza Ward, Mr. Charles Cotton, and Mr. Augustus Braham. The Lynn Theatre, on the 17th, was crowded to excess; and many attempts to induce the party to remain for another night, were made by influential parties, who were delighted with the programme and the talents of the *artistes*. Mr. Distin, sen., on the trumpet, has carried all before him. The party are *en route* to Aberdeen and other parts of Scotland, as will be seen by our advertisements. Miss Greenfield and her party have met with the most unqualified praise from the various local papers.

HACKNEY.—The first meeting of the "Stamford Hill, Clapton, and Hackney Dress-Concerts" took place on Tuesday evening, and despite the fog, attracted a tolerable audience. The vocalists were Misses Birch and Dolby, Mr. Benson and Signor Burdini, Sinton for the violin, Mr. Boleyn Reeves for the harp, and Mr. George Forbes, who was also the conductor—for the pianoforte, made up the instrumentalists. The programme was indifferent good. The pieces which received most applause, were Sinton's violin fantasia, "The Standard Bearer;" "La ci darem," excellently sung by Miss Birch and Signor Burdini; the romanza from *Maria di Rohan*, "Ah! non avea piu lagrime," delivered with fine feeling by the last named gentleman; and Lindsay Sloper's scena, "Joan of Arc," which was capably sung by Miss Dolby, and accompanied on the pianoforte by the composer.

GRECIAN SALOON.—The benefit of Mr. C. Horn, son of the celebrated composer, took place on Thursday evening last; the saloon was crowded. The entertainments commenced with Wallace's *Maritana*. The singers were Miss Ellen Condell, Miss M. A. Crisp, Messrs. C. Horn, Summers, and P. Corrie. Miss Condell deserves notice for her chaste and finished singing. The chorus, as well as the band, were in good trim. After the opera, an interlude, entitled *Love and Charity*, was played, in which Miss Crisp, Miss Harriet Coveney, Messrs. Horn and Rice appeared. The entertainments finished with a farce, *Blue Jackets*; or, *Her Majesty's Service*, in which Mr. R. Phillips performed, and whose eccentricities created roars of laughter. The performances at this "minority" reflect the highest credit upon the proprietor, Mr. B. O. Conquest, who spares no expense to get up a really sterling and good series of amusements for the East-end Londoners.

MADEMOISELLE E. ST. MARC is engaged at the next Wednesday Evening Concerts, and will play Leopold de Meyer's fantasia on *Lucrezia Borgia*.

MR. RICHARD BLAGROVE gave the first of a series of three Soirees Musicales, at the Concert Rooms, Mortimer Street, on Thursday evening. Mr. Richard Blagrove is well known as a teacher of the concertina of much repute, and as a public performer on the same instrument, of great talent. His performances on the present occasion fully justified the public prestige in his favour. He played the andante and rondo from Regondi's first concert on a treble concertina, and a fantasia by Franchomme, on the bass concertina, and in the latter he obtained a deserved encore. Mr. R. Blagrove also played in several concerted pieces, viz., in an arrangement of Beethoven's Serenade, for treble, tenor, and bass concertinas, in conjunction with Mr. J. Ward and Mr. J. Case, in a duet with Miss Lavinia Taylor, for two treble concertinas; in a duet for harp and concertina, with Mr. William Streather, and in a quartet arranged from Weber's Oberon for two treble, tenor, and bass concertinas, with Miss Lavinia Taylor, Mr. J. Ward, and Mr. J. Case; in all these performances, in which he was well supported by his coadjutors, Mr.

Richard Blagrove obtained the approbation and applause of his audience. The instrumental part of the concert was agreeable, varied by a fantasia on the pianoforte by M^{me}. De Barry, on airs from *Lucrezia Borgia*, played so well by the composer as to obtain an encore, and a fantasia caracteristique by Alvars, for the harp, "The Fairy's Dance," very well played by Mr. William Streather. The vocal portion was in the able hands of Miss Cicely Nott, Mrs. Arthur Stone, and Mr. Alfred Pierre, who all acquitted themselves most satisfactorily. Miss Cicely Nott, as usual, coming in for a great deal of applause for her clever manner of singing the Tyrolean, by Haas. Mr. Charles Blagrove was the accompanist at the pianoforte, and gave entire satisfaction.

NOTABILITIES OF LITERATURE.—One of the antiquities of London is about to disappear. Older than any of the banking-houses—dating back even to the days of the Stuarts—is the venerable firm of Rivingtons, in St. Paul's Churchyard. That house, which most people supposed to be rooted like the oaks of Windsor Forest, has just given notice of its approaching departure. "The old shop," where Horsley and Tomline, Warburton and Hurd, used in old times to meet, is about to become a "Shawl Emporium," and the firm of Rivingtons will no more be found in London city. It adds one more to a thousand past proofs of the change which is taking place in London. The business of Messrs. Rivington's will be in future carried on in Waterloo-place. There are, probably, few branches of trade which have suffered so many changes and losses of late, as that of bookselling. The firms of Cadell and Davies, and of Johnson, in St. Paul's Churchyard, have entirely faded away. Mr. Colburn has recently retired, and his business is now successfully carried on by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett. Most of the great wholesale houses have lost the partners in whose names their concerns are carried on. In Messrs. Simpkin and Marshall's house there is now no "Simpkin" and no "Marshall." In Messrs. Whittaker and Co.'s house there is no "Whittaker." In Messrs. Hamilton and Co.'s house there is no "Hamilton." Even westward the same thing prevails; for at Messrs. Nisbet and Co.'s in Berners-street, there is now no "Nisbet." The other striking feature of modern publishing is that of the rise of great and cheap railway publishers. Of these, Chambers, of Edinburgh, and Simms and McIntyre, of Belfast, have filled the foremost places; but Messrs. Ingram and Co., and still more, Messrs. Routledge and Co., of Farringdon-street, bid fair to overpass their provincial forerunners. The rapid rise of this last house is one of the most remarkable facts in the whole history of bookselling. It was first heard of about a dozen years ago, in Soho-square, and now it copes with the very first in town, for the large extent of its transactions.

LUGGAGE OF AN AMERICAN TRAVELLER.—A knowledge of the exact necessities requisite for a Transatlantic trip is a very important point to arrive at. An Englishman's investment is, naturally enough, ridiculed in America, where a small quantity of travelling equipage goes a great way. In Georgia, especially, the baggage considered essential for a journey of any distance, consists of a shirt-collar and a pair of spurs; and when we asked a native of that State how he managed about a shirt, "Why, look here, I can't spare the time to wait while they're a cleaning on it; and if I could, it's almost as cheap to buy a new 'un, as it is to pay for the washing of an old 'un.—*Bunn's Old England and New England*."

BOILDIEU.—Boildieu once repaired to Neuville, accompanied by his two children, a boy fourteen years old, and a daughter just fifteen years of age. As they were going through the Champs-Elysées, Boildieu drew the attention of his children to three wandering musicians, who were preparing to give a display of their musical acquirements to a few persons who already began to gather around them. The celebrated composer proposed to his children to stop for a few minutes in order to listen to the *virtuosi ambulanti*. "They are our brethren," said he, smiling; "they are not, perhaps, very skilful, but some real talent has been often found among these vagrant musicians." The poor artists, despite this good will, did not meet with great success. The two violins played upon by the father and mother, and the harp by their son, poured forth a kind of harmony which, far from delighting the listeners,

put them to flight. Boildieu prepared also to retreat, when suddenly, a horse ran at full speed down the Avenue of the Champs-Élysées, and in his course threw down the woman, who had her arm broken by the fall. The wretched creature loudly screamed, while her husband and son lamented and said that they were ruined for ever. People thronged around them. Boildieu, moved with compassion, presently arranged everything to have the woman carried to the nearest hospital; he was painfully affected in reflecting that he was not rich enough to indemnify these poor people for the misfortune which had befallen them. Suddenly a strange idea, but one which had its source in the kindness of his heart, flashed upon Boildieu's mind. "Come, my boy," said he to his son, "come hither with your sister; let us see if between us we can do something for these good people; take the best of the two violins, as for me, I will avail myself of the harp. Quick! a concert for the benefit of the poor woman." In a moment's time both instruments were tuned, which had not been the case for a long time, and harmony, such as is never heard in the streets, attracted in a few moments an immense crowd of listeners; his name and the cause of his generous act spread rapidly among the surrounding groups. One of his friends who chanced to be present, took the composer's daughter by the hand, and commenced a collection for the poor wounded woman, which proved very abundant, inasmuch as every one paid his share, which was proportioned to their delight in seeing such distinguished talents devoting themselves to so humane an action. Boildieu gave the amount to the father, who wept with emotion. He did not know how to express his gratitude.—"Well, well, said the kind composer, "let us speak of it no more; as musical brothers, we must assist each other."

ANECDOTE OF MADemoiselle SONTAG.—Before Mademoiselle Sontag had made her appearance a week in London, a lady sought an interview with her, and requested her in the most courteous manner possible to spend an evening with her, as both she and her daughters were devotedly attached to music, and particularly wished to hear Mademoiselle Sontag display her distinguished talents. She accepted the invitation; and on the appointed evening went to the residence of the lady, where she found a small circle of about six persons. After some songs, she took tea, and was afterwards dismissed with thanks and eulogiums. Mademoiselle Sontag was not, by any means, disposed to number this among the least agreeable evenings she had spent in the English metropolis; but the best was yet to follow. On the following morning, Mademoiselle Sontag received a note from the lady, with renewed expressions of gratitude, and with a request that Mademoiselle Sontag would honour her by accepting the enclosed as a small token of it—the small token was a note for one hundred and fifty pounds sterling. Mademoiselle Sontag considered that she could not with propriety accept of such a present, and instantly set out for the residence of the lady, for the purpose of returning it to her. She then learned that the lady had come up from the country, had been residing at the house only a few days, and had early that morning set out to travel, no one knew where.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EXTRA.—We cannot, at present, give our correspondent any positive information respecting the opening of Drury-Lane as an English Opera, in February. We shall have something to say on this head in our next number, and shall, in the meanwhile, sift the matter to the best of our ability.

MUTO.—We find it impossible to publish all the provincial news sent to us, and request our correspondents in the provinces, therefore, to be as concise as possible.

X. Y. Z.—Marini was the original Marcel at the Royal Italian Opera, and Tamburini the St. Bris.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

T. J., Newcastle-on-Tyne; H. C. C., Bristol.

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THE CONSERVATIVE LAND SOCIETY.

AT the Twelfth Public Drawing, on the 17th inst., in Freemason's Hall, amongst all the uncompleted shareholders, not previously entitled by drawing or by seniority. The following eighty-nine Rights of choice on the Society's estate were drawn:—

Share nos., 6265, 6266, 6267 grouped, 552, 5567, 1574, 3871, 3872, 3873 grouped, 1656, 1657, 1658 grouped, 2973, 2974 grouped, 1281, 1282, 1406 grouped, 4806, 1557, 2888, 2889, 2890 grouped, 691, 3581, 3582, 3583 grouped, 645, 4678, 3762, 4279, 4571, 3556, 3905, 2863, 2864, 2865 grouped, 559, 6143, 2984, 2985 grouped, 5929, 1609, 1610 grouped, 4913, 3934, 7052, 7053 grouped, 3200, 3202 grouped, 4569, 4570 grouped, 1130, 1131 grouped, 510, 1220, 6011, 4345, 3059, 3060, 3061 grouped, 1120, 6483, 3156, 5727, 4383, 4384 grouped, 6843, 6389, 3945, 6644, 1878, 5535, 5810, 5353, 6781, 1501, 3074, 3118 grouped, 4779, 4780 grouped, 6524, 1644, 5601, 5602, 5603 grouped.

The following numbers, 1679, 2413, 5546, and 2452, were also drawn, but the holders thereof being in arrear, lose the benefit of this drawing.

The following forty-five share numbers, will also be placed on the Order of Rights by seniority of membership:—

Nos. 388, 475, 476, 477, 478, 480, 481, 483, 485, 486, 487, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 500, 501, 503, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 518, 519, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 529, 531, 532, and 533.

The Thirteenth Public Drawing is fixed for Thursday, December 15th, at three o'clock, at the Freemason's Hall, Great Queen-street, being the Fifth Quarterly General Meeting, and the Annual Meeting of the Members, to receive the report and statement of accounts of the Executive Committee, and for general purposes.

All Shares taken before the final numbers be deposited in the wheel, on the 15th of December, will participate in the advantages of this drawing. For prospectuses, rules, plans of estates and shares, application may be made to the agents of members in town and country, or at the offices, 33, Norfolk-street, Strand, London, to

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POLYPHEMUS.

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